PRICE TWO CENTS

HURRAH FOR THE YANKEE!

A WONDERFUL FLERT GORS OUT TO SEE HER BEAT THE BRITON.

The Partian Pinishes Nearly Two Miles Abend, and Proves Herself a Better Boat than the Genesta with the Wind Either Astern or Abeam-Even in the Spanking Breeze Outside the Hook She Gains-In the Lead from the Start-Hedlam Aftent when Her Victory was Assured—The Time Pretty Long, but that Wasn't Her Fault, but the Wind's—The Winning Boat Nearly 17 Minutes Ahead—No Race To-day.

The Puritan got a first mortgage on the America's cup yesterday, and only needs one more day of good luck and good qualities to be able to foreclose and keep it here another year at least. Yesterday was a wonderful day on the water. In the harbor the wind seemed to blow from different points at the same time, from differents points in different places or not to blow at all. At sea there was a good scupper breeze, and whatever thorough test of cutter qualities was made at all was made there. As both boats made splendid time during this part of the race, behaved almost exactly alike. and showed a difference of only four or five seconds in speed, the most calm and fair-minded yachtsmen began to believe that the Genesta is a better boat than was at first generally supposed. On the other hand, as the Puritan gained those seconds and beat the Genesta in overy other part of the race, the rest of the yachtemen exactly coincided with the band on the Laura M. Starin, which voiced its opinion in "Yankee Doodle" and "Colum-

bia, the Gem of the Ocean."

The early morning indications were propitions. There was a fairly good breeze, a little west of southwest in origin, the sky was leaden. and looked as likely to produce a sullen, halfstormy day as not, and there was a warmth in the atmosphere that afterward accompanied as bright and sparkling a day on the water as ever any one saw. When the committee boat, the Luckenbach, pulled away from Pier 3, East River, and made her way to the big community of yachts at anchor off Staten Island, the harbor was so bare of excursion craft that it seemed as if the public had been dis-couraged by the four previous failures, and was not going to venture another day away from business. The tug stopped at the side of the schooner Intrepid to take off Lloyd Phoenix, but he was not there, Ithad better fortune when it went alongside the Grayling for Mr. Latham Fish, who brought with him two Swedes, or Scandinavians, to augment the crew of the Puritan. Some of the famous vessels the tug picked a tortuous way among were the little Gracie, the dethroned queen of the sloops; the Dreadnaught, the Arrow, Estella, Radha, Gitana, and the Marian Wentworth, all of which ran up sail or got up steam, and followed the racers later

in the morning. ABOARD THE TANKER. The tug came upon the Puritan lying at anchor off Stapleton. She looked disappointingly small at first, and narrow and slender beyond anticipation—a long, low, siender box she looked, with a deck as white and neat as a man-of-wars man's. Her sides were greasy. shiny, and of no particular color, suggesting too thin a layer of stove polish on sheets of lead. But her mainmast, that towered up like a steeple, and her boom, that had robbed a forest of its pride, awakened feelings of respect at once. Mr. Fish's Swedes or Scandinavians joined fellow countrymen of theirs on this otherwise American vessel, for it appears that her Yankee officers prefer sailors of that sort, who obey orders, to free and independent American sailors, who want to have something to say all the time, and who hold distinct and vigorous opinions of their own at all times. The sailors, in soiled white suits, lounged picturesquely about the deck in idleness, and the wise men of the East who officer the big-winged craft stood apart amidships waiting for a the committee. There was with Captain or Commodore Malcolm Forbes, an able-looking young man, with a smooth face and features eloquent of strong character. representing the foremost type of New England's sons. There was Capt. Crocker in blue. a bearded, tough-skinned, weather-cured man under the middle age, equally typical of the best grade of deep-sen Yankes fishermen.

senting the Englishmen, a crank on the sub-ject of cutter sloops, and a friend of Sir Richand Satton. After the Luckenbach left the Puritan the rachtran up a great deal of her canvas, pulled up her anchor, and slid away from Staten Island like a steamboat curving into the channel. When she came in front of the Narrows she looked like a great canvas stopper in a bottle neck a mile wide. Then it was that her capacity for getting locomotive power became apparent. The sheets of canvas she displayed from deck to top of topmest formed a wall twice as high as THE SUN building stretched at the bottom upon a boom seventy-six feet long. or long enough to hide the fronts of four uptown dwellings and cover part of a fifth house. Her gaff would serve for a big boom on an ordinary sloop of her length. She carried a jib and forestaysail also.

There was Edward Burgess, the designer and part owner: J. B. Busk, Captain of the Misthief, and there was Edward Padelford, repre-

The committee's tug next went in search of the Genesia, lying further down the shore, She passed the yachts Clio, Foam, Mascotte, Eclipse, Sylph, Kelpie, Venture, Buth, and Ogden Goelet's Norseman. All these boats were manceuvring in that little piece of open, and navigation was becoming a newly interesting science. At the same time other boats of every shape, size, and sort were pushing along from every direction. Down the Budson, down the East River, from Brooklyn, Jersey City, the Kills, Newark Bay, the Shrewsburg, and the lower bay they came, all crowded with sightness and all anxious to tell whom they could yell at that there were a dozen times as many on the way where they came from, and that any one who thought that day was not soing to be the liveliest over seen on American Waters had better wait and see the crowd when all were on hand.

LEADY ON THE GENESTA.

In the mean time, the Genesta had builed up sactor and was tring in the wind so that her big nainsail, jib and club topsail were all of a tremo- as if suffering nervous excitement at thought of the task in store for them. The English hoat suggested even more strong-ir than the Puritan had the picture of a perfect sloots of war or blockade runner; not because she noked any saucier or abler than the Yankee, but because her men were in a nondescript uniform with white jackets and white trousers, and wore curious black hoods like hight caps, with red tops hanging down on one side. Even more piratical were the men of leisure aboard her, for they wore striped shirtlike jackets of bruttant hues, such as would fit a holiday scene in Venice.

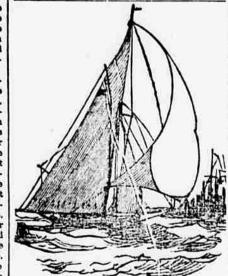
One of these highly picturesque gentlemen was Sir Elchard Sutton, owner of the Genesta, slight, wiry little man with a small round face, small sharp eyes, a small pinched nose, and a small brown moustache. His blazer, as that sort of jacket is called, was striped in pink and white. He had a flat blue cap on and a stump of a cigar in his mouth. Rumor says that all he needs to do in the world is to enjoy the use of £150,000 a year, but he was seen at one time pulling away on the sheet by which the mainsail was hauled close in, shoulder to shoulder with his tars, and at another time dancing down the ratilines after having been up to the truck at the masthead examining an injury to some iron work there. Mr. William Levings was also on deck, looking as comfortable as might be expected of a brother-in-law

of Sir Richard, and Mr. Lapthorn, the famous English salimaker, in a modest suit of blue, kept modestly in the background behind a modest briar wood vipe. Over them all flew the little three-cornered flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron, with the initials of the Queen's sign manual in the centre.

After some business had been done between the two boats, and Rear Commodore F. C. Lawrance of the Vixen had declined the Britisher's invitation to leave the tug and go aboard the Genesta, the tug went off to find Jake Smith's yacht Allee, which was to be the stakeboat. As it was literally strung with little flags from prow to peak and down to be type stakeboat. As it was literally strung with little flags from prow to peak and down to the stern and up one side and down the other, it was not difficult to find. Mr. Smith had only got's few of the residents of Staten Island aboard her at that time, so she pulled away readily in and out among the yachts and steamers with handsome Saller. A dog whom every yachtsman knows, perched on the cabin roof and looking knowingly at the bustle all around him. Sailer is a St. Bernard, picked up at sea by Mr. Vermilye in the Atianta and presented afterward to Mr. Smith. It is said that he can sail a boat, and it is known that he can carry empty glasses to be refilled with beer in Smith's tavern on the shore at Stableton.

refilled with beer in Smith's tavern on the shore at Stapleton.

The tug dragged the Alice across the bay, and left her anchored off Owl's Head, one of two or three capes between Brocklyn and the Narrows, but one that no one felt sufficiently sure about to point out. Then all was ready for the race. The Genesta, heeled over as if in danger of tipping flat on one side, was lazily curving about beyond the stakeboat on one side, and the Puritan, standing up like a house, was brought into the wind in readiness for whatever was to come. The words "All ready" were written hastily. The committee was no more ready than it ever has been



THE PUBITAN ROUNDING SPIT BUOY AND SETTING HER BALLOON JIB.

The Puritan Rousing spit budy and setting here and there, of starting out in one direction, changing its mind and coming, 'ack again, of plying from shore to shore, and of discussing and debating and wasting time ut il good positions for starting are lost by the racers, or winds die out, or every one is wearied with long waiting.

There must have been at this time—10 o'clock in the morning—200 or 250 twats of all sorts loading in the bay behind the scene of preparation. Three or four dozen were sailing yachts, dipping sidewise and skimming slong with sails in graceful curves; a score of steam yachts looking mysteriously, like sailing craft seudding under bare poles: thirty tugs, half a dozen passenger steamers, exhibiting one, two, or three stories of human beines piled one tier above the other, and ever so many sharpies, cances, rowboats, launches, akiffs, and what not. Among the steamions were the Columbia, Taurus, Sirius, Elin City, Sylvan Grove, Sylvan Bell, John Lenox, the big tug Stickney with the Larchmont Citt aboard, another boat black with neu and having her name hidden by the disingenuous sign. Troduce Exchange Yacht Ciub, "and the coart, ng steamer Richmond in use as an excursion boat. Among the steam yachts were the Magnolia, Electra, Cora, Wanda, Ratha, and Orienta, An unknown steamtoat, called the Meizingah, carried the Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation in Everything but Ice Water. This congregation of vessels, with their sails, their smoke clouds, and their towering decks, hid New York as completely as Fort Hamilton hid Coney Island.

There of the minutes passed, during which,

THEY START. THET START.

Twenty-five minutes passed, during which, by good fortune and not good management, the two great racers head their starting points, side by side and proweven with prow. If either had any advantage it was the l'uritan, because she was to the windward of the Englishman. Thus they remained when the tur

because she was to the windward of the Englishman. Thus they remained when the turblew a whistle to announce that she would presently how a whistle to warn the boats to prepare for the race. At sound of the whistle aline of men was seen upon the bowsprit of the Genesta, there was a whirring sound as of the flying shuttles in a weaving machine, and up from the busy hands of the saliers arose a cloud of canvas exactly as if it were being manufactured on the spot. It was a jib topsail, and was calculated to utilize every breath of air that swept across her deck. It was at 10:32 that the start was made. Both yachts started with reasonable promptness, but both were handlicapped. The rules governing the race allowed two minutes for crossing the imaginary line drawn from the mast of the stakeboat. The Puritan took 2 minutes 2 seconds, the Genesta 2 minutes 4 seconds, and so those surpus seconds were set down against the toats, to be deducted from their acting time at tho end of the race.

A mighty shout, a discord of human yells and brazen whistles, marked the discovery on everyrody's part that the racilly moving vessels were under way and that the Yankee cutter passed the line at teast a length ahead of ner competitor. It was as little like a race at the beginning as the simultaneous movement of any two bodies taking the same direction could be conceived to be. Beautiful the boats were, to be sure, and they moved like towers of canvas with an easy, graceful, stately motion. But there was nothing of the spirit of raving in the sight, no straining or rushing or case battling for the lead. It was as if two giant swans were swimming side by side, preoccupied and indifferent to one another's presence. Presently, however, the wind hened the Genesta over and filled out the Puritan's sails, and trey were both spurred onward so that the pilots of the pursuing boats feit called upon to ring the pingle leids and press abracto keep by tham. On and on the great wails of canvas movel as if they means to cieve the built at lay Ridd

There was an ominous streak of green water

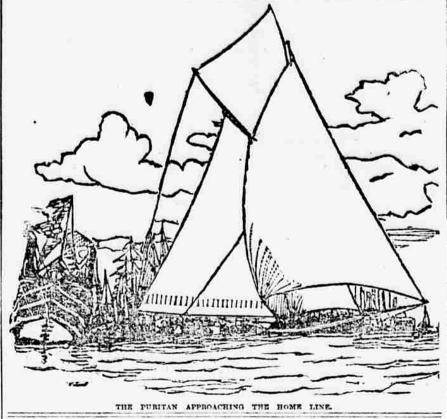


was short lived at that stage, for the Englishman was seen to crawl steadily after her rival, sating up some of the distance that hampered her chances. The folks on the bir schooner Daintless brought maledictions on their heads by running in treat of the Partian's bow, unquestionably bethering her a tride. It was 19:36 when the Saits of both boats began to flap and the Genesia turned around exactly as if she had run a pivet into the mud beneath her to twist herself upon. This was midway between Chitton and Stapleton. The Puritan was just a little slower in tacking, but when she came fully about an exchanation of amazement twist from the on-lookers for she was at least an eighth of a nulle shead of the Britisher, with a good windward advantage into the bargain. From the centre of the fleid it looked as if the Puritan was off Chiton and the Genesia off Stapleton.

While this was going on the great flotilla of attendant boats seemed almost to solidify into a jump or a tangle and then to move forward as with one motion and at one rate of speed amid the blowing of whistles and banging of small cannon. Some of the boat loads raised demoniac yells, notably those on the tug that carried the sign. "Produce Exchango Yacht Ciub," and from whose deck queer Oriental day fireworks were fired from a thundering mortar. Sone of the steamless would have proved a fortune to that gening who used to take advantage of the Government passenger revulations, and

freworks were fired from a thundering mortar. Some of the steamboats would have proved a fortune to that genius who used to take advantage of the Government passenger regulations, and who complained of overloaded beats and divided \$10 a head with the Government. The Sirius for instance, seemed transformed from a steamboat into a mass of black bodies, summer hats, parseols, and white faces three stories high. Other boots were almost as





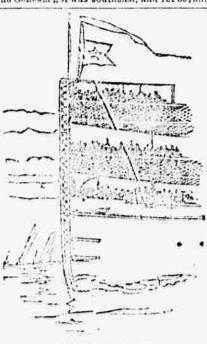
crowded, but a rear view of every one, the Sirius included, showed that the sterns were empty and every one had pressed forward for a better view.

POINTED FOR SANDY HOOK.

wind not only slacked, but veered and breathed softly almost from the southeast. The Puritan soon noticed the loss of power, and the Genesia suddenly grow limp, and for a white lay almost motionless as to her huil, with her canvas flapping mountuity.

THE FIGHLE WIND.

At 11:37 the Puritan undertook to go about, but lost the wind and stood still trembling from truck to deck line waiting for her sails to fill. It could hardly now be called a wind that merely dailed with the smoke and steam of the engines, and that famned the people in the blazing sun so faintly as to accontains the beast. What wind the Puritan got was sou west; what the Genesia ast was southeast, and yet beyond the Genesta and was southeast, and yet beyond



AN EXCURSION BOAT.

the boats on shore the flags pointed to southwest again. The Puritan kept on slowly over
her course, The Genesia tasked for in toward
the Jersey shore hinting a breeze. She found
a little one, and showed it as she tacked and
came after the Yankee.

At four minutes to 12 the whole flottills felt a
thrill of new life. The Puritan's sails were
seen to belly out and push the siender craft a
trifle faster toward the sea, and at the same
time the flatsails of the Genesia rounded out
into fair sailing form, and everything moved
lacily on behind her—the Puritan being now
two miles ahead. At 12:00 the Yankee beat came
about to sail mostly south, so as to turn Buoy
so and then go out to set, a movement made
perfectly clear in This Sun's map. Eight minutes
about to sail thostly south, so as to turn Buoy
so and then go out to set, a movement made
perfectly clear in This Sun's map. Eight minutes
about to sail thostly were bound for Perth Amboy, but only for a few moments, for at 12:18
the Puritan went about on her starboard tack
again. Bear Commodure Lawrence said there
would be a good breeze in the afternoon, but as
it was the sea was getting gassy the smoke
was hanging in bunches, over the steamer
stacks, and the sky was but and leadon.

The pretilest sight on the bay was the galaxy
of beauties on the fron boat Taurus, nired by
the yarbit dub for the day. Being mainly well
to do and all full of enthusiasm, they were able
to and did dress appropriately and there were
some very shapely forms in yachtswomen's
flannel suits of blue or white. During the calm
these ladies held napkins on their laps and sat
handling chicken bones very deftly, while all
around them popped the corks of champagno,
ginger ale, soda, and beer bottles. The steamboats, tugs, launches, and yachts were now
scattered all over the surface of the lower bay.
There were so many of them that one could almost heave a stone from any one to any other.

At 12:39, with a little more breeze than they
had been having, both hoats were on the same
tack, pointin

windward. She was feeling enough wind, now almost south-riy, to make her send a little spray ahead. She caught the sunnight so that her sails looked transparent, and as light and pretty as a film of wax. She stood up to her work like a house. The Genesta showed a pretty effect of light and shade. She was cauted like the Tower of Pisa, and was getting so much good of the wind that it seemed as though she might have a show if she could start all over again. There were other tacks, too numerous to mention, and only interesting when, once in a while, both yeasels were in line on the same leg. Then all could judge exactly how far ahead the Yankee boat was. In the last of these it was seen that the Englishman had been picking up wond-rfully, and was now not more than a mile behind judging recklessity as one has to do on the water.

a better view.

POINTED FOR SANDY HOOK.

The Genesta hoisted her jib topsall soon after tacking off Staten Isaand, and presently the Paritan sent hers skyward, where it hung like a thing detached and independent, half cylindrical and white as soow. It was a long leg that the yachts were laking, in a southeast like a thing detached and independent, half cylindrical and white as soow. It was a long leg that the yachts were laking, in a southeast like a stranger leaving a wharf. She was simply way, out into the lower bay. The Paritan shood from the Genesta very much like a stranger leaving a wharf. She was simply beating the boots off the Englishman, who lagued along close to the island shore with the most wonderful tangle of steam craft at her heels that was ever seen in these waters. It was a marvet to at these off not true one another down, but fortunately, following the Genesta equiped only half steam. They did not steal any of her wind-very Haint where she was, but out in the open blowing a fresh, lively threeze that had taken on full force where the hills censed to shelter the water.

Fort Walsworth was a sight to see, The steep crass-covered fill contained two long lines on men and women, arranged like two battalions of soldiers in review. Under the grees across at Fort Hamilton, glimpses at the grass showed as many more spectators there. It was a quarter past II o'close when the Genesta got well out into the lower bay. Ahead of ner was aimost two miles of clear green water, and at the end of that rode the Puritan, canted specially and the carrying spectators had all huddled toget her green water, and at the end of that rode the Puritan, canted specially and the carrying spectators had all huddled toget had a many more spectators there. It was a quarter past II o'close when the green water, and at the end of that rode the Puritan, canted sightly, so that her neatly ordered deek was raised stew is stating on the rail. The man at the soul had the carrying spectators had like two had the carrying spectators ha only ones on their foet. The sails spread above like a tower of sheeting were the mainsail, forestavsail, jib, pib topsail, and club topsail. The water ran up and down her how play-fully, not quite, but almost as one sees it in the pictures of racing yachts. At 1:17, when the most and the blow were in line, the judges called "Time," and blow the tug's whistic, at which every whistle in the bay and every can-non and almost every throat blow and banged and yeifed.

Then there was a pause of three minutes.

which every whistle in the bay and every cannon and almost every throat blew and every cannon and almost like a steamer. Her deck was worse tilted than the Puritan's, and presented a lively scene. The piratical men in white were running in a long line like rats, or like convicts, from amidanins to the foot of the mast, and presently the forestaysal fell in a heap on the deck, and above its apparent ruins rose a bailoon forestaysali that caught the wind as a bag might, and healed the great safer more than ever. The Britisher was only three minutes in time and less than a mile in distance beaind the Yankee, and if the conditions had remained as they were the result of the race might have been different, As it was, the Puritan by reaching ocean walve first secured the ocean breeze first, and a standing royal simon pure, yachtening ocean walve first secured the ocean breeze first, and a standing royal simon pure, yachtening standing first secured the ocean breeze first, and a standing royal simon pure, yachtening standing first secured the ocean breeze first, and a standing royal simon pure, yachtening standing and induced a some sail met it cach one belief out into beauty curves, and as each prow cut its way scaward the vessel benind it rose and felt and battered, and pounded the seas into spinters first and then into spray. No wonder, then, that the Puritan lost for uprightness and lay down to her work, with her under ruitskinming the water, her men langing on the other rain up in the air, and great breakers occasionally showering spray in the inhering sheller of the Hook, the Ynnikee sped away and tenethened her advantage to two niles, and then to more and more yet. Dut presently the Genesta foil the sea breeze and over she went, English cutter fashion, low down on one side, so that the water seemed at times to run along the live well and creaked as sine less toward the lead o

quish the foremost of her rivals among all the yacatsmen of the world.

FRETTY MARINE PICTURES.

A profty marine picture was that formed by the two vessels after they left the Hook. The great ocean, green close to the shore as this was spread away behind them so that, locking southward from the mass of pursuing vessels, they stood out body and alone upon the sea, they stood out body and alone upon the sea, they stood out body and alone upon the sea, and straining with the pressure of the breeze against them, rose and fell in unison with each other and with their heaving hulls that now slowed a bit of forward keel, and again were buried in a mound of reding water. As a rule, daylight was visible under each bowsprit nearly all the time, and yachismen saw by that that the vacuus did not exercise very much, but were stoody and business-life, straining and wasting as little as ever boats did at sea.

The run out to and back from the bright red lightship, distant seven miles from kandy Hook, was seven miles in each direction. It was devoid of incident, except that there was a babel of applause such as has seidon been learnd to mark the bright red fearly at the privalence of each stayer of

Hook, was seven miles in each direction. It was devoid of meident, except that there was a babel of applicate such as has seidom been heard to mark the termination of each stage of this part of the race. It seemed to all that if either heat gained an advantage it was triffing, and was to be credited to the Puritan, but as far as the exhibition of sailing qualities went, no one on the committee boat credited either ow with superiority over the other in this part of the race.

In the inuddle of boats, now doubly as numerous as these that left the upper bay at the start, there were hotized those steamers. The first of the race.

Thomas A. Morgan, H. T. Baya, Patrol, and Laura M. Starin. Among the steam yachts were Jay Gould's Attainta, M. Conner's Utowana, Mr. Jaffray's Stranger, the Corsair, the Amy, which could not carry American colors, and, therefore, carried none at all; the Ocean Gem, the Kophia, this Norma, with Beecher on board; the Electra, the Theresa, and the Ocean Gem, with the Fleermont Rowing Association on board. Among the sailing yachts were Sergeant Billy Langley's Comet Mr. Flayler's Columbia. A. J. Leitt's Norma Mr. Maysard's Ruth, the famous Dauntiess, leased by Mr. Colt, and Mr. Iselin's Nokomis. So hard pressed was the local navy for boats to supply all crustion with vantage ground that all sorts of things, except the Stiletto, were pressed into service. One man took out

an unfinished yacht with unfinished scuppers and a raw pine deck, and a big crowd went to sea in a petroleum lighter. The thousands in this squadron filled the air, even out at sea, with this hum of their voices, and one or two beats littered the sky with fairylike elephants, bailoons, roosters, fishes, and goldins sent up by bembs, and belonging to what are known as daylight firewords. Everything on a keet rowedoutto the lightship in anleffort to keep up with the competing yachts, or to get ahead of them and see the finish, but only the big and costly steam yachts were able to get an additional the cutters, and not more than four or five of these reached the Lightship and saw the yachts turn and return. The committee's ting gave up the effort when two-thirds of the way out, but was able to time the movement just as well as if she had been close at hand.

As soon as the Furitan's mast was on a line with the middle of the rocking and tossing lightship she blew her whistle to mark the moment, and then for five minites bediam reigned all over the water. Chanons were fired, rockets were sent up, whistles screamed, men yelled, and bands began furfous playing. That was at 2 o'clock and 14 minutes and 54 seconds. At 2 o'clock is minutes and 64 seconds the Genesta rounded the anchored ship, about a mile behind her leader, and the event was celebrated by the same demoniac and cutlandish noises.

The run back to port again was as pretty as the outward sail, but it was unoventful. The run back to port again was as pretty as the outward sail, but it was unoventful. The furitan and the Genesta kept apart as evenly as if one were towing the other. The small beats pitched and tossed, the passengers sickened, the bombs shot out day fire-



works, the big steam yachts overtook all the other boats, and presently all were clustered together again in the mouth of the larbor. The bay was then as empty as the ocean had been before. The same bediam acompanied the rounding of the inner buoy, and then all the boats swept on toward the city balting the racers. behind the racers.

Buoy 5 was turned by the Puritan at 3:24:30; by the Genesta at 3:27:35. Buoy 10 was passed a few minutes later.

THE YANKEE STANDS THE TEST OUTSIDE.

Buoy 5 was turned by the Puritan at 3:24:30; by the Genesta at 3:27:35. Buoy 10 was passed a few minutes atter.

The Yankee Stands the Test Outside.

In the race of mineteen miles, from Buoy 10, in the lower bay, out to the lightship and back again to Buoy 10, the Puritan had only gained five minutes and three seconds on the Englishman. It was the only lively sailing there was, and by far the best test of the racing and seagoing qualities of the boats.

In the bay the wind slacked up again, and to such an extent that the most sanguine of the yachtsmen began to fear that the limit of seven hours would be overstepped. The Genesia, which had been the last to get the ocean breeze going out, was now the last to lose it and so was able to gain appreciably on the Yankee boat.

The return across the lower bay and to the finishing point inside the Narrows was made in a great part by drifting. The Puritan lowered her spinnaker boom and left it projecting over her side, but did not heist the extra sail because the what dook her on one quarter, and it was seen that the bailton foresail was of more advantage than the spinnaker, needing a direct wind, would be. The teenesta ran up her spinnaker the instant she made her last tack for the Narrows. It segred in the water at lift, and then enught enough air to bely it out. It made the Englishman look like a pyramid of canvas so rounded and curved as to resemble a great white cloud rolling on the water.

Bolora the lower hay was crossed she took het spinnaker in and set her balloen foresail. The Puriten always does better in a light wind than the Englishman, and she grained at least a mile between the Hook and the stakeboat, The vast flotila of boats drifted on behind, and were joined by a cloud of clammers from the Shrewsbury.

In turn hi joined the myriad small boats, skifts, sparkles, and rowboats that had put out from Staten Island, and that settled on the surface of the bay like a sawar of over-rown gnats. The prettlest feature of the drifting flotila was the sloop yach litt

THE PUBLIAN PINISHES GLORIOUSLY. At last, at 4:38:05, out of the tangle of yessels came the proud Puritan, and passed gracefully between the judges' boat and stakeboat amid a din of guns and whistles that rivalled the combined noises heard during the day. The Dauntless blew her rail away firing saintes, and a dranken man in a sailboat ran up the Irish flag and stood in the way of the Britisher to tantalize her. Then ensued a long pause, and the Geneats bore slong at 4:54:52. With her came the same scenes and noises. She was cheered just as much as she

could have been if she had won the race. The tughoats all surrounded the Puritan, and streve for the honor of towing her to her anchorage for nothing. One got the job, and the others throw lines to every other American yacht they could get to take them. The Luckenbach towed the Genesta to her resting place, catching Sir Richard Sutton helping the sallors drag in the boom. He told the committee he had broken his mast sap or yoke—a ring of iron on the truck—and that the next race must be put off until Wednesday.

Please pull me up close to the Puritan," he said: "we want to cheer her."

The British tars stood in a line on the port side of the Genesta, with Sir Richard at their head, and as she swept by the winner of the race the Englishmen swiled. Hip, hip, hooray! again and again. Then the Puritan's men returned the compliment in the same popular fashion, and Capt, Maccoim Forbes exhibited a dish of Beston taked beans that he said had been flung aboard his cutter by the veyagers from the Produce Exchange.

"I'm glad we are to have a day's rest. I think we can make good use of it," said he.

Until night fell both boats were surrounded by boat loads of cheering excursionists.

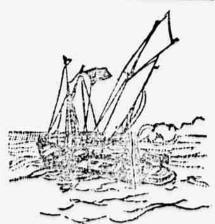
ROUNDING THE LIGHTSHIP—THE GENESTA IN THE FOREGROUND, THE PUBITAN IN THE DISTANCE,

MANGUFREN OF THE TACHTS.

The Victory as It Looked to Experts and was Recorded by the Timekeepers.

The prediction of the Weather Bureau in egard to the wind was correct as to direction, outerroneous as to force. It was a light breeze rom west southwest, but sufficiently strong, if it had held on, to carry the colossal single stickers over the course in very fast time. When the Luckenbach's whistle warned the yachts toget ready, at 10:25 o'clock, they had their long yellow noses right into the wind about 300 yards from the line. The Yankee had her usual good luck in getting the windward position, nearest the Staten Island shore. Both yachts awaited the starting whistle with apparent impatience. Each seemed to be reuctant to move for fear of being outmanœuvred by the other. The result was that they were hove to up to 10% o'clock, when the Luckenbach let off a shricking volume of steam that caused them to bound for the line like frightened deer for a thicket.

Both were on the starboard tack, heading for Bay Ridge. The Genesta ran up a small jibtorsail just as the whistle blew. She carried, besides, her clubtopsail, forestaysail, and jibtonsail just as the whistle blew. She carried, besides, her clubtopsail, forestaysail, and jib. The rankee had the same canvas except the jibtopsail. The time they sacrificed in idly watching each other made it impossible for them to cross the line within two minutes of the starting signal. The Puritan manifested her usual affection for the bow of the Luckenbach by darting under it, and across the line between it and the flur boat off Owl's Head at 10:32. She was followed two seconds later by the Genesta. They were handicapped two and four seconds respectively, and their time was reckoned from the time-limit whists, blown at 10:32. The tide was the last half of the flood, and the giants had a hard time battling against it. It drove them out of their intended course, and they went about on the per tack almost simultaneously under the black-dotted binfi of Hay Ridge, without having noved many yards below Owl's Head. The Puritan showed herself worthy of Sir Richard Suton's recent encomiums by outpointing the Genesta in the reach over toward the Staren Island shore, between Clifton and Stapleton. The Genesta lowered her jibtopsail and kept off from the Yankee's lee, apparently under the Impression that she could make up in running what the Puritan gained by pointing. She was mistaken. The cutter wheeled about on the starboard lack at 10:46, and the sloop ten seconds inter, heading in the direction of the Romer beacon. Closely packed crowds, like uniformed solitiers, stood on the green ramparts of Fort Wadsworth, and gave the Yankee sloop encouragement by cheers and by the waving of lasts and handkerchief as as she passed through the Narrows, close in shore. The Briton was then off Quarantino Landing, nearly a quarter of a mile



A MOSSBUNKER SALUTES THE PUBLIAN.

behind and considerably to lesward. The Genesia sent up her jistopsail again at 10:52. It seemed to beneat her, and her rival sew it immediately, and had her own jistopsail up and drawing finely four minutes atterward.

The breeze had gradically sieckened after the yachts passed through the Neurows, and was now so faint that it hardly lifted flace from staffs. The veilow-tinged pyraund of canvasion the Yankee sloop hagan to tremble, and the Genesia being to finely had been attered and finely minutes at leaver and more easily influenced by scarcity of wind, fluttered and fit speed like a shaken carpet. The buzz of paddies and propellers suddenly ceased as the bug flotika haited to wait for the brease to fan the racers on again. They got a little puffy assistance at about 11 you clock, and the double started on sgain, only to be stopped a few minutes later by the simost complete substance at shout 11 you clock, and the double started on sgain, only to be stopped a few minutes later by the simost complete substance at shout 11 you clock, and the double started on sgain, only to be stopped a few minutes later by the simost complete substance at heart by the simost had Dix's Island abeam at 11:25, when the Briton was just opposite Hoffman's Island, hearly a mile away. There they remained for nearly a quarter of an hour, bucking against the head tide, with about twenty-five thousand gloomy excursionists just astern and abeam of them. Just as the disposition to be profane about the weather was becoming general the breeze freshened a little, and the yachts began to gide along to the renewed music of propoleiers and paddies. The Puritan went about on the port tack, just northeast of Buoy 9, at 12:30:45, leading the Briton by quite a mile and a baif. Eight minutes later the cutter tacked at nearly the same point, and stood in the starboard tack at 12:18, northwest of Buoy 9, At 12:30:30 she changed her tack, pointing to the southeast. The Briton tacked again

12:32, reaching in the direction of the Hock, The Puritan made a series of short tacks, repeatedly crossing the outer's bows, each time revealing a segment of daylight nearly two miles long between herself and the Englishman. This brought her about two miles for the westward of Buoy 10, for which she respired on the starboard tack at 1:01:30. The Conseta, finding the contest with the Yankee sleep



TUG SIGNAL-" THE PURITAN WINS."

in the same gentle breeze growing more and more hopeless, stood over into Raritan Bay on a wind-hunting excursion. She appeared to get a good breeze in shore, and after going about on the starboard tack she came oscillating toward Buoy 10 merrity. in shore, and after going about on the starboard tack she came oscillating toward Buoy 10 merrity.

Since passing through the Narrows she had made four tacks while the Puritan had made sight. The time the Yankes sloop consumed in stays in the laborious work of going about in a mild breeze, and the slant of wind the Genesta got in Raritan Bay closed up over a mile of the daylight between them. As both yaclus stretched for the buoy the wind grew brisker and saltier, coming in from the sea. The Yankee's lee rails began to kiss the foam. With all her white-clothed salters crowded thither, gazing laughingly out from under her long polished boom at the heterogeneous fleet, the Puritan turned the buoy at 1:16:22. The Briton turned at 1:19:25, ust three minutes and three seconds behind the Yankee.

The Puritan's jibtonsait blessomed out of stops as she stretched through the rolling green seas for the buoy off. Sandy Hook.

The Puritan's jibtonsail blossomed out of stops as she stretched through the rolling green seas for the budy off Sandy Hook. The Genesta's also belief to the wind, which had shifted southward, and was nearly abeam. The tide had turned ebb and accelerated the sneed of the racers. The only really exciting part of the combat had begun. The Puritan rounded the budy off the Hock at 1:31:30 and the Genesta at 1:36. The Yankee thus gained I minute and 27 seconds after rounding Budy 10. She stretched away for the lightship close hauled, with the wind over the starboard bow. It was noticed that her head sails kept well filled and stiff, while the Briton's quivered whenever she plunged through the long swells. The Genesta took in her ballion forestaysail, which seemingly had been impeding her progress by sending her head into the sees, and est her working forestaysail at 1:45. She stood up majestically, gotting the benefit of every bit of the brisk broeze, while the Briton heeled heavily and planged more than the culter advocates had thought her capable of doing. The Luckenbach gave up the effort to get all the way out to the Lightship to take the time of the two Yachis as they rounded. She stopped about a mile this side. The Puritan turned the burid hulk at 2:12:54, and danced homeward with the wind over the port beam. She cassed the Genesta coming out just opposite the Luckenbach. The Briton rounded the ship at 2:19:16. The Puritan had increased her lead by 1 minute 19 seconds whend.

The wind moderated as the yachts stretched for Budy 5, which they rounded thus: Puritan, 3:04:35: Genesta, 3:09:13. The Yankee beat gained 16 seconds in the run in from the Lightship to Budy 5, which they rounded thus: Puritan, 3:04:35: Genesta, 3:09:13. The Yankee beat gained 16 seconds in the run in from the Lightship to Budy 5, which they rounded thus: Puritan, 3:04:35: Genesta, 3:09:13. The Yankee beat gained 16 seconds in the run in from the Lightship to Budy 5, which they rounded thus: Puritan, 3:04:35: Genesta, 3:09:13. The Yankee

Puritan 8-38-05 Genaria 9-48-05

| Start | Finish | Time | Time | 10 32 90 | 4 28 45 | 6 32 52 | 6 32 22 | 6 22 22 |

MERRY ABOARD THE TAURUS.

Boston Men in Bligh Fanther-They Despite

New York Anglomaniacs. The steamboat Taurus left her pier at 94

o'clock with a gay and expectant throng on board. A score or so of members of the New York Yacht Club, whose faces were beginning to pasi from the effects of four sunny days on the water, turned up as usual. But there were a large number who came for the first time, and brought their wives and daughters. There were no Englishmen aboard, but Boston men were scattered all over the big decks, and looked as happy as a boy with his first neous. The promising news of a good breeze further heightened the spirits of everybody. Ex-Commodore T. B. Asten sat on a high coil of rope on the lower deck, watched the trim Genesta skimming around the Narrows before the start, and said the race was a foregone conclusion. He said the English boat was prutty. but the Puritan couldn't belp winning over the New York Club course, when it was almost cortain that there would be smooth water and a

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